

## ASCOT RACES PROVE GREAT STYLE SHOW

England's Monster Fashion Parade Will Reveal Many Novelties of Dress, Modistes Predict. Sunshades and Creations of Lace and Chiffon to Predominate—London Filling With Many American Tourists—Derby Night Celebrated by Numerous Dinners and Dances.

By GERTRUDE LADY DECIES.

(Special To Universal Service.)

LONDON, June 10. THIS will be a parasol summer in England. Sunshade fashions this year are as distinctive as the fashions in frocks and hats. One of the most popular is the plain cretonne sunshade for morning in town, at the seaside or in the country. There are also the plain silk ones with elaborately carved handles, and fluffy lace parasols in all sorts of pretty guises.

The new dome shaped sunshade with a long handle, the latter ornamented with some animal or bird design, is undoubtedly the most modish shape of the season. Others seen are made of flounce upon flounce of lace and chiffon, and some seen at the derby had elaborate black and white stripes.

The Ascot races, which are regarded as the greatest fashion show of England, will show sunshades in all their splendor, according to London dressmakers and modistes, who declare that this is going to be a "lace Ascot." Thousands of Americans are planning to attend at least one day of the racing.

Mrs. Edward Barber and Mrs. H. H. Lemmel, of New York, are guests at the Berkeley Hotel where they have been entertaining frequently in the beautiful new restaurant which is now a popular rendezvous for Americans in London. I saw them both at the Chelsea Flower Show at the same time with Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, the Queen of Spain and other celebrities.

AMONG the Americans who entertained at the Berkeley this week were Mather Richardson, Edward Kaninsky and Mrs. Helen Conry, all of New York. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wells, of Boston, are also staying at the Berkeley, and occupied a box derby week at Epsom, in close proximity to the Royal family.

PRINCESS BIBESCO, daughter of Mrs. Margot Asquith, has been lunching these warm days on the balcony at the Savoy restaurant.

### MRS. PRESTON GIBSON NOT TO BE PRESENT AT NEWPORT THIS SEASON

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

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NEWPORT will be forced to worry along without another of its shining lights during the torrid months, for, according to a bit of news which I happened to overhear yesterday, Mrs. Preston Gibson will not be "among those present" this summer.

For some time past Mrs. Gibson, who will be remembered as the former Mrs. Alexander Dallas Beche Pratt, has been sojourning abroad and, from a matron who has just returned from the City on the Seine, I learn that Beatrice Gibson has leased a villa at Dinard for the heated spell and will entertain Mrs. George Hillard Benjamin as her house guest. Mrs. Gibson was, in former seasons, one of the social and sartorial stars of the Newport set and, in the days when she was Mrs. Pratt, she was widely paragoned as "Newport's most extravagantly dressed matron." Her divorce from the well-known clubman, whose family has been to the fore in metropolitan society since the early days of the Knickerbocker, and subsequent elopement with and separation from Preston Gibson, the much-married clubman and playwright, has never seemed to be the chief topic of conversation wherever the members of Vanity Fair congregate for a gossip fest.

Mrs. Gibson has made quite an enviable place for herself in the social world abroad and she probably will entertain lavishly at her Dinard villa. Her parents, the William Evans Benjamin, are

also abroad, and it is whispered about that Mr. Gibson, who crossed the great pond a few months ago in an endeavor to patch up his reported matrimonial differences with his beautiful wife, has been balked in his efforts to effect a reconciliation by her wealthy pater and mater-in-law.

THE Benjamins, despite their wealth, have always been "in" society rather than "of" society, and it is due solely to the efforts of Beatrice Benjamin Pratt Gibson that the family figures prominently in the society columns. Beatrice has always doted on the clashing of the social cymbals, and her decision to again give Newport the "go-by," will cause the members of the gay, younger married set at the Rhode Island spa to hang out the black crape.

Mrs. Gibson's brother and sister-in-law, the Henry Roberts Benjamins, take little or no interest in the doings of the social world, and they divide their time between their house in town and their country estate upon the Hudson.

Mrs. Benjamin, when I encountered her at a fashionable after-theater supper rendezvous the other evening, looked exceedingly modish and explained that she will be "in residence" at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson by June 15. The Benjamins had with them the William John Warburtons—Mrs. Warburton will be remembered as Edna Hoyt, daughter of Mrs. Walter S. Hoyt.

"THE First Baby of the Land" is little Jean Allen Davis, daughter of the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Davis. Jean is the baby of the administration, the only one to be born in the immediate Cabinet family since the Republicans came into power. She is named for her mother.

The other babies pictured below, though not "first in the land," are undoubtedly first in their own respective households. At the Edgemoor home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robb small Margaret is unquestionably queen of the household. William Veazie Pratt is the son of Rear Admiral and Mrs. William V. Pratt and hopes to grow up to be a famous sailor-man like his daddy. Margaret Townsend is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Townsend, and Jeannette Faris the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Faris. Robert F. Jones, Jr., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Jones, of Chevy Chase, and David Jerome Beach the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beach. Elizabeth Roemer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Roemer.

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## JUNE RIVALS JANUARY FOR VARIED GAYETY

The June Bride Comes Into Her Own, With the Wedding of Miss Catherine Hughes and Chauncey Lockhart Waddell Attracting General Interest—White House Garden Party for the Wounded—Brilliant Afternoon Parties—Entertaining Aboard Ship.

By JEAN ELIOT

WASHINGTON'S a queer place, and the Washington season is still queerer. It's like Old Mother Hubbard's dog. You remember the ancient rhyme about how "she went to the baker to buy him some bread and when she got back her poor dog was dead. She went to the joiner to buy him a coffin, and when she got back the dog was a-loffin" (laughing). Well, the Washington season is just like that; when you think it's dead and ripe for burial, it suddenly comes to life.

First, there was a perfect cyclone of entertaining which swirled around Admiral Sir William Christopher Pakenham, B. N., and the officers of his flagship, the Raleigh. And it did seem as if when they went, the town would be as flat as a pancake, and not improbably as hot as a griddle. And look what has happened. It HAS been hot, no denying it; but it hasn't been dull—not by a good deal.

JUNE has been as thick as butter with dances and dinners as January, with all manner of appealing out-of-door festivities for variety. Moreover, the June bride has come into her own. The wedding of Miss Catherine Hughes to Chauncey Lockhart Waddell, of New York, was an event of national—nay of international—interest, since the arms conference brought the name of Miss Hughes' father, the Secretary of State, into world-wide prominence, and the Administration, from the President and Mrs. Harding down, turned out to do honor to the bride. The festivities in celebration of a royal wedding, the marriage of the King of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes and H. R. H. Princess Marie of Rumania, also found echo in Washington, for, on Thursday—the wedding day—the Serbian Minister and Mme. Grouitch gave a reception at Rauscher's. For this, the official world and his wife turned out, with the diplomatic corps numerously present; and, altogether, it was a brilliant and beautiful party, which would have done credit to the midwinter season.

SINCE the British cruiser, Raleigh, steamed down the Potomac, and the series of dinners and dances in honor of her officers came to a close, most of the parties of the greatest general interest have been given in the afternoons. There was the garden party at the White House, for example, a very special sort of party for the 2,000 or so veterans of the world war, who are in hospital in Washington, Baltimore or the vicinity. And Mrs. Harding's tea on the Mayflower, and Admiral Pakenham's brilliant reception on the Raleigh the day before she sailed, and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh's moonlight cruise down the Potomac, and Philander Johnson's merry frolic out at the Columbia Country Club—but suppose I pause there to draw breath.

It's rather curious, isn't it, how Washington, which isn't "seagoing"—like the heroine in Frances Starr's play "Shore Leave"—has been disporting itself aboard ship of late. The President and Mrs. Harding take great joy in the Mayflower, and are never happier than when they can slip off for a weekend cruise with a few chosen friends aboard. Moreover, Mrs. Harding's tea parties aboard the President's yacht are really delightful, and invitations thereto are highly prized. The Ladies of the Senate, with Mrs. Coolidge at their head, were her guests a fortnight or so ago, and on Tuesday last when the Mayflower cruised down the Potomac in the golden sunshine the First Lady had with her a group of Congressional women. Not all of the wives of the Representatives in Congress could be included at one fell swoop, of course, so it is on the cards that there will be other cruises within the next few weeks, with the Congressional ladies as guests. And after that

Mrs. Harding's friends of the unofficial world are hoping that she'll give a Mayflower party for them.

AFTER a dismal week of rain, it cleared off brilliantly on Tuesday, as it always does when Mrs. Harding is giving a party, and the "queen's weather" held through the rest of the week, helping to make the soldiers' garden party the great success it deserved to be.

Mrs. Walsh, too, drew pleasant weather and a great golden moon for the cruise aboard the steamer Majestic on Friday evening, for which she was hostess. Twice this gracious hostess chartered a steamer and taken several hundred guests for a trip down the Potomac by moonlight; and this time, if possible, the party was even more successful than the first time. An orchestra was taken along, so that there was dancing on deck as well as down at Quantico, where the passengers went ashore; and a picnic supper was served. The company on both these cruises was made up largely of the people who have been attending Mrs. Walsh's Saturday evening dances or dropping in at her house in the afternoon to dance, official, diplomatic, and student society folk being mingled in happy proportion.

WHILE the Raleigh was anchored off the Navy Yard Admiral Sir William Pakenham, commander of the North Atlantic and West Indies station, and his officers gave several parties and invitations to lunch or dine aboard the British cruiser were in great demand. There were two official dinners, with the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes as the ranking guests at one and the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes at the other, and a luncheon at which the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand were the bright particular stars. And the hospitable Admiral even gave a luncheon party off Quantico when the Raleigh had started on her cruise down the Potomac, a group of Washingtonians motoring down to Quantico to be present.

As for the farewell party aboard ship on Monday, it was one of the prettiest fetes imaginable. There must have been several hundred guests present, but there was plenty of room for dancing on the cruiser's broad deck. And the giant flags, with which the deck space was roofed over—under a canvas awning and walled in, kept off the showers which broke at intervals all afternoon and made a brilliant background for the womenfolk in their gay summer frocks and flowery hats and the uniforms—blue and olive drab and spotless white—of the men, among whom civilians were in the minority.

It was just such a party as might have been given on an American battleship—if our vessels ever came up this far. But everybody enjoyed the occasional picturesque and typically British touches such as the appearance of the imposing Highlander in kilts